MVSÆ AVLICÆ,

1213.9.19.
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Autore

ARTVRO IONSTONO

Medico Regio

Interprete

F. K.

LONDINI,

Apud Thomam Harperum *impensis*
Nathanielis Butter, 1633.

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CAROLO

Augustiſsimo Britanniárum Monarchæ.

QVod Medicus, quod donat Eques, Rex, accipe (munus,
Hic patriâ, Latiâ te canit ille lyra.
Plectra decent medicum; nullo culpante Deorum,
Plectra gerit medicæ Cynthius autor opis.
Turpe nec eſt Equiti, pro te qui cingitur armis,
Ferre chelyn, clypei pars chelys una tui eſt.
Error in hoc uno eſt, lyra quod conata ſub aſtra
Ferre tuas laudes, utraque ſerpit humi.
Tolle quod in culpâ eſt, & barbitos utraque cœli
Culmina tranſcendens te ſuper aſtra feret.

ICONES.

Artes nobiles Regi adgeniculantes.

Muſica.

OS mihi conceſſit Phœbus, cui cedit aëdon,
Inter populeas & philomela comas.
Plectra dedit, rapidas quæ poſſint ſiſtere tygres,
Aut Amphioniis ſaxa movere modis.
Crimine pictoris tabulæ commiſſa perenni
Muta mihi, Rex, hic ora, lyramque vides.
Nunc oculis animata tuis ſpirabit imago,
Et ſolitum reddent ora chelyſq; melos.

Graphica.

ECce duos calamos; nitida hic elementa figurat,
Hic par remigio eſt, mobilis Eure, tuo:
Ille olim niveis magni Jovis excidit alis,
Cum peteret Ledæ baſia, factus olor.
Juppiter hunc cœlo demiſit, fulminis ales
Cum fieret, pueri captus amore Phrygis.
Quiſque ſuam volucrem referens, illuſtribus ille,
Exprimet hic promptis, Rex, tua geſta notis.

The liberall Arts kneeling to the King.

Musicke.

PHœbus gave me my voyce, which pleasant (Thrushes
And Nightingals excels midst poplar bushes,
A touch which ravenous Tygers can make tame,
And with *Amphions* moods dull stones enflame,
The painters usuall error, King, you see,
My voice and lire still dumb and silent be.
But now your eyes give life, my picture singes,
And melody is made with voyce and strings.

Writing.

BEhold two pens, this writes faire, that as fast
As the swift East winds quicke and nimble blast
This fell from great *Joves* snowie wing, when he
Turn'd swan, faire *Leda*, lay all night with thee.
That *Iove* turn'd eagle, dropt from heaven above,
When he the beauteous Phrygian lad did love.
They both expresse their birds, the first doth text
Fairly thy acts, (O King) swiftly the next.

Linguarum magistra.

Hoc ego sub tecto linguarum plectra guberno,
Et doceo cives non sua verba loqui.
Hic Iber, hic patrias audit Germania voces,
Celtáque cum populo, Martia Roma, tuo.
Est Iber argutus, vehemens est Teuto, venustus
Cui Liger, altiloquus, cui rigat ora Tybris.
Accentu differre vides, vox omnibus una
Hæc tamen est, Patriæ, Carole, vive parens.

Astronomia.

Nunc redit, & superos linquens Astræa penates,
Quæ tu pace beas, Carole, regna subit.
Iure redux virgo Regis se subjicit alis,
Quo melius, quo nil æquius orbis habet.
Iure polum liquit; meritis cum sidera tangas,
Te magis his dignum judicat illa locis.
Sis licet his dignus, tamen hæc te scandere serò
Virgo rogat supplex, totáque terra Deos.

Geometria.

Dum meus immensum metitur circinus orbem,
Inque solo quicquid cernitur, inque salo:
Dum maris & vastæ trutinantur pondera terræ,
Et quidquid Ditis regna sepulta tenent:
Parva tibi nimium Dii magni regna dederunt,
Et minor est solio, Carole, terra tuo.
Qui prius innumeros finxit Democritus Orbes,
Diceret hos, uno te Jove, posse regi.

Languages.

VNder this rooſe I rule the termes of ſpeech,
And natives to ſpeake forraign words I teach.
Here Spaniards, Germans hear their Country ſound,
The French and warlike Roman here is found.
The Spaniard quicke, vehement th' Alman, neat
And lofty thoſe whom *Loyre* and *Tyber* wet.
Their accents varie, yet all have one ſong,
Live CHARLES the father of this Country long.

Aſtronomie.

HEaven left, *Aſtræa* doth her ſelfe addreſſe
To theſe realms whō thou, *Charles*, with peace doſt bleſſe,
The Maid return'd for ſhelter, ſeeks thy wing,
Then which earth holds no better, juſter thing.
By right ſhe left the skye; when thy deſert
Toucht it; ſhe judg'd that thou far worthier wert.
Which though thou art, may it be long before
The ſuppliant Maid and world the gods implore.

Geometry.

While my wide compaſſe the huge world doth mea-
With all you ſee in earths or ſeas large treaſure; (ſure,
While in my ſcale I weigh the land and deepe;
And whatere *Plutoes* buried kingdomes keepe,
Gods gave thee Realms too ſmall for thee to owne,
For, CHARLES, the earth's too little for thy throne.
And the Sage that did infinite worlds faine,
Would ſay thee worthy 'ore them all to raigne.

Medicina.

Carole, Paonias Phœbus mihi tradidit artes,
Quidquid & herbarum crescit in orbe, meum est.
Hac ope morborum fibras evello, venena
Hac ope, Circæis sint licet aqua, domo:
Vtilis ars populo est; tua se nec sustinet ullo
Gramine, nec dubiâ pendet ab arte salus,
Te tua sobrietas morbo defendit ab omni,
Publicus & contra toxica munit amor.

Arithmetica.

Aequoris innumeras numero comprendit arenas
Ars mea, quótque virens gramina campus habet.
Quot volitant atomi Sol cum se tollit ëous,
Quótque papaveribus condita grana vides.
Et rutilas quot habent cœli laquearia flammas,
Quótque suo guttas spargit ab axe Notus.
Dum numerare tuas molitur, Carole, dotes,
Incipit ars abaci de brevitate queri.

Chymia.

Ars mea totius rimatur viscera terræ,
Et liquat & mutat mille metalla modis.
Sol mihi se famulum, se præbet Luna ministram,
Mars quoque vectigal pendit & alma Venus.
Saturnusque gravis, nimiúmque volatilis Hermes,
Paret & imperio Iuppiter ipse meo.
Accipe me famulam, famulos quoque, maxime Regum,
Et vectigales jam tibi crede Deos.

Me-

Medicine.

PHœbus, O *Charles*, hath truſted Medicine
To me, the hearbs of all the world are mine:
With thoſe I root up ſickneſſe, poiſons tame,
Equall to any *Circe* ere did frame.
This art's your peoples good, you have no part.
Whoſe health reſts not on hearbs or doubtfull art,
Your tẽperance makes that no diſeaſe can harm you,
The publike love 'gainſt poiſons all doth arme you.

Arithmeticke.

MY art in numbers the ſea ſands containes,
Sums al the blades of graſſe on the green plains,
Tels all the motes that in the ſun beames flye,
How many countleſſe ſeeds in poppies lye,
Counts all the flames in heavens high rooft hall,
And drops of raine that from the South doe fall.
To tell thy Princely gifts, which all ſurmount,
Art findes her boord too ſhort for her to count.

Chymicke.

MY art the bowels of the earth ſurvayes,
It melts and changes mettals thouſand wayes.
Sol is my ſervant, *Luna* is my Maid,
Tribute by *Mars* and *Venus* me is paid.
Grave *Saturne* and too nimble *Mercurie*,
And *Iove* himſelfe obeyes my emperie.
Accept me for your ſervant (mightieſt King)
And all thoſe gods will to you tribute bring.

Marti

Castrensis.

Martis & armatæ cessit mihi cura palæstræ,
Telaque, sed nullo tincta cruore, vibro.
Me duce, bella domi discit jam tyro Britannus,
Eminus & jaculo, cominus ense ferit.
Disponitque acies, & cingit mœnibus urbes,
Inque suis figit Regia castra locis.
Carole, quos numero domuisti & viribus olim,
Vincere nunc hostes, cum lubet, arte potes.

Saltatrix.

Adspice, quo tegimur, cœlum, quæ fata ministrant
Omnibus, astrorum mente revolve choros.
Nunc properant, nunc lenta meant, nunc stare putantur
Sidera, retrorsum nunc trepidare vides.
Dissiliunt, coeunt, sidunt, tolluntur in altum,
Scilicet æthereæ pectine mota lyræ.
Hic juvenum spectæ choreas, & sidera gyros
Hic docuisse suos, vel didicisse putes.

Icones Regiæ.

Regis.

Quid tibi cum Rege est, pictor vanissime? Fuco
Martia Grampigenæ cur Jovis ora linis?
Pinge genas vulgi; minium servetur Jaccho,
Aptáque cerussæ mater Amoris erit.
Principis ut tanti pictura sit æmula, pingi
Hunc decet Andinâ, Mæoniaque manu.

Fencing.

Fencing.

MArs warlike armed liſts my care hath gain'd,
In brandiſh weapons, but with no bloud ſtain'd.
Now Britiſh youth at home warres underſtand,
Doe ſtrike with darts far off, with ſwords at hand,
Doe order armies, fortifie ſtrong townes,
Doe quarter royall camps within their bounds.
Your foes, great *Charles*, er'ſt tam'd by multitude,
May when you pleaſe, by art, be now ſubdu'd.

Dancing.

BEhold the heavens, and what is done by fate,
On the ſtarres dances thinke and meditate.
They ſometimes ſwiftly move, otherwhiles ſlow,
Now quavering, trembling retrograde they goe.
They part, they meet, now honour, now riſe higher,
Mov'd by the ſound of the æthereall lyre.
But here ſee Gallants dance, and you'le diſcerne,
The ſtars here dancing taught, or elſe did learne.

Pictures Royall.

King.

VAin Painter, why limm'ſt thou the King? wherfore
Doſt thou great Grampian born *Ioves* face ſmeare
Paint vulgar men: draw *Bacchus* when he ſits (o're?
With red lead, ceruſſe *Venus* beſt befits,
So great a Princes picture ought to ſtand,
Done by a *Homers*, or a *Virgils* hand.

Hee

Reginæ.

Hic Mariæ blandùm tibi subridentis imago est,
Illius en frontem, lumina, labra, sinus.
Majestas in fronte nitet, sunt lumina gemmis
Aemula, labra rosis; pectora plena nive.
Iuno, Venus, Pallas Mariâ spectantur in una,
Iuno potens, Pallas casta, venusta Venus.
Utque magis Mariam referant, hic regia ponit
Iunonis minas, Pallas Gorgona, philtra Venus.
Non tamen exemplar, quam spectas, æquat imago,
Et depicta minus Diva nitoris habet.
Aut pigmenta nimis caligant, aut tua pictor,
Lumina luminibus sunt hebetata Dea.

Principis Walliæ.

Principis en pueri simulachrum, dextera pomum,
Sustinet; hoc speciem, quem reget, Orbis habet.
Huic puerum confer Zeuxis quem pinxit & uvas,
Obvia quæ volucrum præda fuere gregi.
Si quid habent fidei vultus, puer iste quod hostes
Arceat & pomum quod tueatur habet.

Ejusdem.

Principis ingentis, proavis ingentibus orti,
Qualem rudimentum parva tabella dedit:
Hæc simul & patrios spectas in imagine vultus,
Et gemini quivis ora tueatur avi.
Dextera fert oleam, laurum manus altera, laurus
Armorum dominum monstrat, oliva togæ.
His claresce puer; quam fers Iacobus olivam,
Henricus laurum, donat utramque pater.

Queene.

Queene.

HEre *Maries* lovely ſmiling face you ſee,
Lo here her brow, eyes, lips, breaſt: Majeſty
Shines in her front, her brighter eyes outgoe
All gemmes, her lips the roſes, breaſts the ſnow.
Here three faire Goddeſſes in one are ſeene,
Juno, chaſt *Pallas*, *Venus* beauties Queene.
To be more like her, *Juno* all her threats,
Pallas her *Gorgon*, *Venus* charmes forgets.
The portrait to the life, yet comes not neere,
The Goddeſſe painted doth leſſe faire appeare,
Or colours fade, or painter thy weake ſight
Is dazeld by the Goddeſſe eyes and light.

Prince of Wales.

LOe *Wales* young Prince, who doth an apple hold
The worlds embleme by him to be controld.
With him compare the boy which *Zeuſis* drew,
And grapes to which a ſhole of birds erſt flew.
If looks may be beleev'd, this childe by's face,
Should keepe his apple, and his enemies chace.

The ſame.

OF a great Prince, of grandſires great deſcended
In this ſmal boord the coppie is comprehended
Herein his fathers countenance you ſee,
And both his grandſires lookes preſented be.
His right hand olive beares, his left hand bayes,
Both which a Lord in warre and peace him ſayes.
Be famous child, the olive IAMES you gave,
HENRY your bayes, from Father both you have.

Ducis Eboracenſis.

HIc Ducis effigiam pueri miremur: in illâ
Martia dum ſpectas ora, venuſta vides.
Una minas ſpirat ſimul & blanditur imago,
Et Mars & tenero lucet in ore Venus.
Mulciber hanc ſpectans ſolitas exarſit in iras,
Et ſuperos teſtes criminis eſſe jubet.
Quos olim in thalamo deprendit Cynthius unò,
In tabula jurat jam coiiſſe Deos.

Mariæ Principis.

CReditur huic tabulæ regni ſpes tertia, proles
Regia, matris amor, deliciúmque patris.
Exprimit ingenium vultus, qui ſpirat amomum,
Et materna patris lilia juncta roſis.
Pone ſupercilium, pictor; ſpes hic tibi laudis
Demitur; hæc Charitum picta tabella manu eſt.

Inſignia Britannica.

1.

DIc age, cur fulvo pardos, Rex magne, leoni
Jungis & Aoniæ lilia cana lyræ?
Pardi agiles artus, monſtrat leo nobile pectus,
Lilia candorem, temperiemque lyra.

2.

ANglia dat pardos, gens Scotica ferre leonem,
Lilia Celta tibi donat, Jerna Chelyn.
Te leo cum pardis oſtendunt Martis alumnum,
Pacis amatorem lilia juncta lyra.

The

Duke of Yorke.

VIew here a yong Dukes picture, in't you see
Looks which are martiall, and yet lovely be.
At once the selfe same face doth smile and threat,
And is both *Mars* and *Venus* counterfeit.
Which *Vulcan* viewing forthwith angry grew,
And cald the gods another crime to view.
Those gods whom erst *Phœbus* in bed did finde,
He swore were in one table now combin'd.

Lady Mary.

THe Realmes third hope, this table doth presen
The Fathers joy, the Mothers deare content:
Her face speakes wit, where sweet amomus blowes
And Mothers lillies mixt with Fathers rose;
Be not proud, Painter, praise in vaine is sought,
This masterpiece the Graces themselves wrought.

Britans Ensignes.

1

SAy mighty King, why you your Pardes unite
To the browne Lyon, Harpe, and Lillies white?
Pardes nimble lims, the Lyon shewes your fire
Of valour, Lillies mercie, temperance lyre.

2

S*Cotland* the Lyon gives, *England* Pardes,
France Lillies, and your Harpe the Irish Bardes.
The Pardes and Lyons shewes you *Mars* his sonne,
As friend to peace Lyre, Lillies joynd in one.

3

QVæ gerit in clypeo Mavortia Roma volucres,
Principis & populi signa rapacis erant.
Mens agilis, mitis, Phœbeïa, nobilis illi est,
Quem decorant pardi, lilia, plectra, leo.

4

IN clypeo, signisq; tuis, Rex magne, quod ornet,
Quod te delectet, quod tueatur habes.
Lilia te decorant, delectant plectra, tuentur
Hostis ab incursu sceptra Britanna fera.

5

FErt Jovis armigerum Cæsar, tu, Carole, Divûm
Dona trium gestas, lilia, plectra, feras.
Lilia Flora dedit, sua Phœbus plectra, ferarum
Nobile par clypeo ferre Diana jubet.
Lilia, plectra toga, fera convenit utraque bello,
Nunc jactare Iovis desine, Cæsar, aves.

6

CArole flos hominum, Regum quoque maxime, signa
Hinc tua monoceros sustinet, inde leo.
Hostis ab opprobrijs fultor defendit uterque,
Unguibus hic, cornu cominus ille petit.

7

TRux leo, monoceros extremis missus ab Indis,
Carole, sunt clypei fulcra gemella tui.
Te leo vim contra munit, quo toxica vincas
Magnanimi cornu monocerotis habes.

The

3

THe fowles that warlike *Rome* in shield did beare,
Of a fierce Prince and people ensignes were:
His quick, mild, learned minde is noble borne,
Whom Pards, flowers, Harpe and Lyon do adorne.

4

IN shield and targe (most mighty King) you have
What may your Crowne adorn, delight and save;
Lillies adorne you, Harpes delight, and those
Wild beasts defend your Britan from your foes.

5

Cæsar, Ioves squire, you *Charles* bear in your crests,
Three great gods gifts, lillies, a harp, wild beasts,
Flora gave flowers, *Phœbus* his lire, a paire
Of noble beasts *Diana* gives you faire:
Lillies, harpe, beasts are signes of warre and peace,
To boast *Joves* fowles henceforward *Cæsar* cease.

6

CHarles flower of men, & great'st of Kings, your
An Vnicorne & Lyon shield from harms (armes
Both these defend you from your enemies scorne,
One with his pawes, the other with his horne.

7

THe Lyon, Vnicorne, sent from furthest East,
Are *Charles*, the two supporters of your crest.
The Lyon 'gainst foes armes you, and to save
From poyson the rich Vnicornes horne you have.

8.

Carole, te plectro donat glacialis Ierne,
Junonis tribuit Celtica terra roſas.
Parthica gens pardos, tellus Getula leones,
Indica, quem monſtras, monocerota dedit.
Sic vectigalis totus tibi cernitur orbis,
Et famula eſt ſceptris ultima terra tuis.

9.

Eſt ſcuti pars una tui tibi debita, Regum
Maxime, pars meritò conjugis una tua eſt.
Te leo Getulus, te, Rex, imitatur ad unguem
Pardalis, hæc agilis, nobilis illa fera eſt.
Lilia jure ſibi poſcit Regina, lyramque,
Hæc candore refert lilia, voce lyram.

10.

Saltibus in patriis, bellum ſine fine cruentum
Trux leo cum ſevo monocerote gerit.
Hic ſtant concordes poſitâ feritate, Britanni
Et ſimul hic ſcuti fulcit & alter onus.
Quos decet eſſe viris illo ſub Principe mores,
Qui doret immanes ponere bella feras?

11.

Ægida fert Pallas; ſpirantes anguibus atris
Phorcidis hæc triplici monſtrat in ære comas.
Carole, quem geſtas, argentea lilia, plectra
Aurea, fulmineas explicat umbo feras.
Ægidis as triplex argento cedit & auro,
Cedit fulmineis Gorgonis hydra feris.

Irelan

8

Ireland, King CHARLES, a Harp on you bestowes,
France gives you *Iuno's* beautifull faire rose.
Parthia gives Pardes, *Getulia* Lyons gives,
India th' Vnicorne that therein lives.
So the whole world doth to you tribute pay,
And the worlds end your Scepter doth obey.

9

YOur shields one halfe, greatest of Kings, to you
Belongs, the other to your Queene is due.
Your Lyons, Pards, presents you to a haire,
Of beasts a noble and a nimble paire.
Lillies and Harpe your Queene by right requires,
Whose white excels the Lillies, voyce the lire.

10

IN deserts bred with endlesse blondy warre
The Lyon fierce with th' Vnicorne doth jarre,
Their fiercenesse left they here in peace abide,
And *Britans* shield support on either side.
What manners ought men have under that King,
That fierce wild beasts doth unto concord bring?

11

A Buckler *Pallas* beares, arm'd with black snakes,
Which *Gorgon* in her brazen tresses shakes
Thou, *Charles*, beares silver Lillies, Harps of gold,
And thundring beasts we in your shield behold.
Buckler of brasse to gold and silver yeeld,
And *Gorgons* Hydra to your beasts and shield.

12.

TRux leo, pardus atrox, fragrantia lilia, Phœbi
Garrula testudo credita semper erat.
Hic leo sævitiam, feritatem ponit & iram
Pardus, odore carent lilia, plectra sono.
Regis ad exemplum leo fit mansuetus, & acri
Ingenium pardo mitius esse vides.
Dum pandit Regina sinus, dum fatur, odores
Expirare pudet lilia, muta lyra est.

De Regina.

TRans mare quas alij vestigant, munere Divûm
Has tibi tu nasci, Carole, cernis opes.
Luna dat argentum, Mars ferrum, Cynthius aurum,
Stannea rex Superum, plumbea dona Pater.
Molle metallorum volucer tibi sufficit Hermes
Seminium, soto Cypridis ære cares.
Dona Cypris ridens, paupertatemque Deorum,
Aes sibi servavit, Borbeniamque dedit.

De Reginæ choreis.

DVm celebrat Regina choros, se Cynthia terris
Subtrahit & fratris lumine mersa latet.
Dic choreas cur Diva fugit, quæ præsidet illis,
Et quâ nec levior, mobiliorve Dea est?
Ora Dea tur Diva timet, quæ sidera vincit,
Fratris & auricomi luce superba nites?
An mendicatos hac coram Principe tirros,
An metuit pictas prodere Diva genas?
Nulla metûs causa est, ne non formosa putetur,
Personata potest ducere Luna choros.

12

THe Lyon fell, fierce Parde, the Lillies ſweet,
Harps to ſound wel, our anceſters thought meet.
Here Lyon, Pard, their native wonted wrath
Lay by, nor Lillies ſent, nor Harpe ſound hath.
Like to the Prince the Lyons gentle kinde,
And in the Parde you ſee a milder minde.
When the Queen opens her breaſt, or ſpeaks, you ſe
The Lillies breath no ſent, Harpes ſilent be.

Of the Queene.

THe wealth which others ſeeke for beyond ſeas,
By the Gods gift your land, *Charles*, yeeld al theſe
The Moone gives ſilver, *Mars* ſteele, the Sunne gold,
Iove tinne, and lead his ſire *Saturnus* old.
Hermes ſupplies of mettals the ſoft ſeed
Quickſilver, onely *Venus* braſſe you need:
Who mocking the gods povertie, did ſave
Her copper, and you *Bourbons* beautie gave.

Of the Revels.

WHile the Queene revels, *Cynthia* Queen of night
Withdraws & lyes drown'd in her brothers light.
Say why the Goddeſſe now ſhuns bals, who leads
All meaſures, and then whom none ſprightlier treads?
Why feares ſhe the Queens preſence, who divine
With her gold treſſed brothers light doth ſhine?
Or doth ſhe bluſh before our fairer Queene,
To have her borrowed curles and painting ſeene?
There is no cauſe of feare, leſt ſhe by chance,
May not be thought faire, masked ſhe may dance.

De iiſdem.

NVper erat Boreæ conſtrictum frigore cœlum,
Flumina vincta gelu, rura ſepulta nive.
Aethera nunc Zephyris mulcentur, puppibus unda
Sternitur, & lato gramine vernat humus.
Ipſa tuis, Princeps, applaudunt aſtra chereis,
Et reliquus tecum gaudia mundus agit.

De Scæna marina.

LVcrinum quicunque lacum, vel ſtagna Neronis
Adſpicis, Arctoi ſuſpice Regis opus.
En novus Oceanus mediâ ſe verſat in aulâ,
Aeſtuat & tecti limite clauſa Thetys.
Eſt mare cæruleum, flaveſcit littus arenis,
Inter aquas muſco ſaxa virere vides.
Nunc æquata jacet, nunc nullo concita vento
Surgit & alternos colligit unda ſinus.
Nunc fremit ardeſcens & pulſat fluctibus aſtra,
Nunc jures Stygiis æquora mixta vadis.
Nec deſunt ſua vela mari, nec navita puppes
Qui regat aut glauci buccina torta Dei.
Vela Thetys non acta Notis, vada byſſina Nereus
Hic ſtupet & ſiccas æquoris autor aquas.
Jus pelagi, Rex, omne tuum eſt, qui cærula tecto
Claudis, & Oceanos, cum lubet, ipſe facis.

De venatione Regis impedita.

DVm leporum curſu cupit exercere moloſſos,
Et parat in molles Carolus ire feras.
Non expectatos effundit deſuper imbres
Iuppiter & Regem ſiſtere cogit iter.
Viderat in clypeo Regis ſpatioſa leonis
Ora, quibus non eſt præda ſat ampla lepus.

Of the ſame.

OF late the heaven with cold was clos'd up ſo,
Froſt bound the flouds & buried fields in ſnow.
Now *Zephyres* calmes the ayre, and boats are ſeene
To row, the earth is clad in luſty green.
The ſtarres (O Queen) thy revels full of ſtate,
And the whole world thy joyes congratulate.

Of the Sea Scene.

WHo *Lucrine* Lakes or *Neros* Ponds commends.
Admire a Northerne King, whoſe work tran-
Lo a new Ocean in his Royall Court (ſcends.
Flowes, and whole *Thetis* clos'd in limits ſhort.
The blew ſea, by't the yellow ſand ſand ſhore
You ſee, the rocks with green moſſe cover'd ore.
Now waters calme, now without ſtormie weather
Seas ſwell, and high growne waves do roll together.
Now fiery foaming ſurges daſh each ſtarre,
Anon; with Stygian pooles they mixed are.
Nor want there ſhips or Mariners to ſteere,
Nor crook'd Shaulme of the ſea-greene trumpeter.
To ſaile without windes, flouds of ſilke to ſee
Dry waters, *Thetis*, *Nereus* ſtoniſht be,
Thine mighty King, is the whole right of ſeas,
Who mak'ſt and boundeſt Oceans as thou pleaſe.

Of the Kings journey.

To breath his hounds while mighty *Charles* prepares
To hunt and courſe the ſoft ſwift 'lightfoot Hares,
Iove poures downe unexpected ſhowers of raine,
And his intended journey doth reſtraine.
He ſaw in's ſhield the Lyon's mouth to wide
With a Hare to be filled or ſatisfied.

De eadem.

CArole, venandi studio dum tendis in Arcton
Fervidus, obvertens Regia terga Noto.
Contrahit in cœlo frontem nimbosus Orion,
Intempestivas fundit & Auster aquas.
Has tu ne pluvias bibulis è nubibus ortas,
Sed lachrymas cœli, quod fugis, esse puta.

De eadem.

REx iter Arctoas quod erat molitus in oras
Distulit, è cœlo cùm cecidistis aquæ.
Mox iter abrupit, cogi cum frigore nubes,
Et gelido fundi vidit ab axe nives.
Præbuit obsequium Superis; hinc discito nutus
Observare tui, terra Britanna, Jovis.

De classe Regia.

INsula quæ dominos est dedignata Quirites,
Et qua majorem non capit ampla Thetys;
Orbe procul toto, quondam fœlicibus undis,
Aequoris & famuli marmore cincta fuit.
Carolus *hanc muro nunc circumscribit aheno,*
Et Domini armatas accipit unda rates.
Insula secura est, Mars hinc, maris inde tuetur
Arbiter, hic frater, filius ille Jovis.
Ambo Dii, sed cum Regi famuletur uterque,
Insula majoris numine tuta Dei est.

Of the same.

WHile Northward you King *Charles* on hunting goe,
And to the South your Princely backe doe show,
Cloudy *Orion* in the Skies doth frowne,
The South untimely Catarracts powres downe,
Which thinke not to be raine in Clouds new bred,
But teares which heaven for your departure shed:

Of the same.

THe journy Northward which the King design'd
Was once deferr'd because of raine and winde,
Now broken off when as the clouds he saw
Congeald in frost and snow without a thaw.
He God obeyes, even so thou *Britan* land
Learne to observe thy *Joves* beck and command.

The Royall Navie.

THat Island which disdain'd the Roman Lords,
Greater then which wide *Thetis* none affords,
A World by 't selfe, which the Seas happy waves
Whilom begirt, and liquid marbre laves,
Charles now ensconces with a wall of brasse,
The Sea her Lords great ships of warre lets passe.
The Iland's safe: *Mars* one side, and the other
Neptune secures, *Joves* mightie sonne and brother.
Both Gods, but when both to our King doe bend,
A greater power this Island doth defend.

Insignia Equestria Divi Georgii.

1.

Quis quis Hyperborei spectus insignia Regis,
Sub Jove nil illo grandius esse puta.
Quis neget hunc Martis furias contemnere, cujus
Pectus Eques ferro protegit, igne draco?
Quis neget huic servire Deos, cui crura Cupido
Ornavit spoliis, exuviisque Dea?
Terrarum imperio quis dignum nesciat illum,
Quem scapulâ cœli sidera ferre vides.

2.

Aegida fert magni proles Jovis, ægide torvâ
Tu quoque munitum, Carole, pectus habes.
Pectus utrique datum, quo nil habet acrius Orbis,
Signa triumphatæ gestat uterque feræ.
Aegida Palladiam vincit tua, tortilis illa
Aspidis exuvias, ista Draconis habet.

3.

Ornamenta ferunt Phariis radiantia gemmis
Singula Burgundus, Gallus, & Anglus Eques.
Fert ovis exuvias Burgundus, Flamine sacro
Celta, ferox Anglus cæde draconis ovat.
Sic Burgundus Eques pastoris munia, partes
Celta sacerdotis, militis Anglus obit.

Vidit

4.

Vidit Amor circum volitans insignia Regis,
In quibus ardet Eques, lancea, parma, draco.
Vidit & auratâ trajecit arundine pectus
Pusio, materno fixit & igne jecur.
Trux draco cur flammis, cur hasta & parma sagittis
Cesserunt, puero cur cataphractus Eques?
Anguis hic Hesperidum, vel conjux Cypridis autor
Armorum, vel Eques miles Amoris erat.

5.

Triplicis imperii qui fers diademata, magnis
Quis te majorem, Carole, nescit avis?
Crus ligat his lævum pretiosa periscelis, auro
Quæ riget & gemmâ multicolore nitet.
Colla gravat pectúsque draco, cui lucida terga
Gemmeus auratâ cuspide figit Eques.
Stella tuo fulgens humero jubar explicat; astrum
Aut Iovis aut Paphiæ suspicor esse Deæ.
Nympha periscelidem, spolium dux Britto Draconis
His dedit, astra tibi porrigit ipse polus.

6.

Prisca triumphati gestavit terga leonis
Anglia, cum spoliis Nympha Britanna tuis.
Fert humero stellam nulli fulgore secundam
Carolus, auratum spargit & inde jubar.
Aut hic astra polo deduxit, ut altera Circe,
Aut novus hic cæli sidera fulcit Atlas.

7.

Aurea quid sibi vult Indis variata pyropis
Fascia, quam lævo, Carole, crure geris?
Tramitis an forsan cœlum cingentis imago est,
Quem levis aurato Cynthius orbe terit?
Illius an species; superûm quo scanditur aula;
Quique tuo, Juno cinxia, lacte nitet?
An potius Nymphæ delapsa periscelin olim?
Hoc puto: Cum reliquis te quoque vinxit Amor.

8.

Carole, cur radiis humeros stellantibus ornas
Aethereiqui plus luminis intus habes?
Cur draco Massilus præcingit pectus, amicum
Omnibus, & quo nil mitius esse potest?
Cur spoliis Nymphæ vinxisti crura Britannæ,
Cui cor Francigenæ flagrat amore Deæ?
Arguit imperium sidus, draco Martia corda,
Ferre jubet Nymphæ vincula Gentis amor.

9.

Explicat in cœlo radios Epidaurius anguis,
Et qui Phœbææ sidera junxit avi,
Quemque genu nixus domuit Tyrinthius heros,
Sectáque Perseâ Gorgonis hydra manu.
Scandere cur cœlum draco noluit aliger, Anglus
Cui jecur ultrici cuspide fixit Eques?
Regis in Arctoi consedit pectore: sedem
Figere non potuit nobiliore loco

FINIS

MUSEUM BRITAN